



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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Original Poetry.

Lines on the Death of Charles Miller,
AGED ABOUT 4 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.
The hall was crowded—not with glittering robes
Of fashion's votaries; nor with care-worn brows;
But with the innocent and loving sphere
Of childhood. Bright and eager eyes were following
The father's strange and snow-clad form,
And the youthful crowd, one tiny boy
With glowing cheeks, and dark brown hair, and eyes,
Gazed on the mortal form with delight.
Oh! what a wonder tale he had to tell
Of ships, and polar bears, and seals, and icebergs!
But alas! while yet he prattled in his ears,
This mother caught him, trembling in her arms—
For suddenly, a death-like pallor passed
Over his countenance, and his little life
His deadly work began—'On in the midst of life.

One little week he passed, and might be seen
A mournful train, preceded by a hearse,
Wending its tedious way along the street
Where oft the joyous bright-eyed boy had played;
And at the very hour, one week before
When little Charles gazed with such delight,
Upon the panorama's moving scene,
We lowered his lifeless body in the grave,
And sad and sorrowing, turned ourselves away.
And is this all? Is his career thus ended?
His short bright life, of not five years on earth
Requinted in the cold and silent tomb?
Oh no! We know his life is just begun;
And when the clouds were falling on his coffin,
His spirit eyes were opening to behold
A panorama bright, which never fades.
They open on green fields, and fragrant flowers,
On landscape gild with Heaven's richest light;
While angels, with celestial grace adorned,
Revel with joy, this new-born heir of Heaven.
We shall not see his smiling face again;
We'll hear no more the patter of his feet;
His little chair is vacant at the board;
His childish prattle reaches not our ears.
But we can overcome our selfish grief,
Reflecting on his happy, glorious home
And knowing that our Father's tender arms
Forever shield him from all want and pain.
"Forbid them not," the loving mother said,
"But suffer little one to come to Me." C. C.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

Discoveries at Pompeii.

NAPLES, October, 18, 1862.
ANOTHER most important discovery in Pompeii. It was made last Sunday, during one of those interesting excavations which are now continually taking place, and not far from the bath-house which was recently brought to light. There were few persons present, for the age of to-day and skepticism has passed, and special seam, for the most part, to have been merged in the daily excavations, at which all Victor Emmanuel's subjects and their friends' friends may be present. The directors and some men were working away in a small, apparently poor house, when their voices indicated that a great discovery had been made, and the three or four visitors who happened to be near were immediately invited to the spot. In a small inner room, employees and laborers are on their knees, working with the utmost care, as if the finest porcelain were being handled. On the upper surface of the ashes, which as yet have not been removed from the neighborhood, are standing boys and girls, and men, with their baskets in their hands, all labor suspended, while they are looking down on the curious scenes below.

The scene was, in truth, very picturesque; and I wonder that such a subject has never been seized by an artist. But what is it that has been found? In an extreme corner of this inner room have been discovered some human bones—a rare thing in Pompeii, where most of the population had time to escape. Further researches—and it was interesting to observe with what extreme care and delicacy they were conducted—revealed yet others, until the skeletons of five persons were visible, four women and an infant, all crouched up in a corner. The sex and age of the victims, and the very form in which they were found, are suggestive of incidents and sufferings which would promise materials for an interesting tale. The arms seem to have been clasped as if all hope had been abandoned, and they had come there to die, while the legs were doubled up with the agony of their sufferings. The month of one skeleton was open, distended, and hard must have been the last expiring efforts of that poor person. The infant was in the extreme corner, where a mother's love, perhaps, had placed it, in the hope of its there finding greater protection from the storm

of ashes which was raging around them, and then penetrating into the most secret recesses of every building. Poor, helpless women! they were too weak or too feeble to escape, and had been abandoned by husband, father, brother—by every male friend. There were bronze armlets or bracelets round their fleshless bones; and by the side of them lay what were evidently the remains of a purse, in which had been enclosed twenty silver Roman coins and two copper ones. Of course the material of the purse was imperfect, and was reduced to mere tinder: still the texture was perceptible, and this it was, which contained the hurried gleanings of the unhappy party. There were considerable traces of cloth, too, in the ashes, all around the bodies or skeletons: that is to say, on the ashes there were impressions as of cloth which had been laid over them and then exposed to fire. The probability appeared to be that they were the clothes of the wretched fugitives, for there were impressions as if it were of folds. Though great care was exercised in removing every stone and mass of ash, I consider the plan adopted to have been better and more injurious to the general effect. Thus, instead of clearing off everything horizontally from right to left I would have removed all the ashes on the surface, and have exposed to view the entire mass of bones as they reposed after the last agony was over. Another advantage of this mode is, that it would have been easier to discover the nature and the form of the surface on which they lay, though it was decided that it was a bed. It was at about the distance of two and a half feet above the level of the ground that the bones were found; and by cutting away the mass of ashes, the outlines of the bed, or whatever it was, could be clearly discovered. Indeed, the holes in the ground where stood the legs, were discernible. Round what might have been the joints, were still remaining bits of iron; and on the upper surface and upward, there were signs, as it were, of something similar to columns. Of course on the moment it was impossible to decide precisely what the article of furniture was, which now was pulverized, and a little discussion took place as to whether it had been a table or a bed, but opinions inclined to the latter supposition, and so let it be; but if so, what a bed, and what a night of eternal repose it was which closed around them under the fire and ashes of Vesuvius! I have told you all, perhaps, that is of interest regarding this important and singular discovery. It is of rare occurrence to find human bones in Pompeii, and the form and position in which these lay in themselves tell a story. A romance—a tragedy has been brought to light, and I leave it to an abler pen than my own to develop all its mysteries.

A Buss of Old Summer.

AN army correspondent writes:—General Sumner, on last Friday, despatched twenty-five dragoons on a foraging expedition. They had not proceeded far beyond our lines, till a guerrilla band of rebels captured wagons and teamsters. As soon as word came to headquarters of the division, General Sumner ordered ten wagons to be filled with armed soldiers, and to proceed to the same place where the rebels had carried off their booty, and to lie concealed in the bottom of their wagons. The ruse was successful. The guerrillas, some forty in number, came upon the party, dismounted and proceeded to capture, as they supposed, a fresh supply of horses and wagons, when our soldiers concealed as in the Trojan horses, came out and captured every rebel, and his horse, and soon returned to camp with the enemy and every prisoner, horse and wagon, which had a few hours before been taken from us. The incident created quite an amusing sensation.

Mrs. Douglas.

THE New York Tribune says:—Some of the writers of idle gossip from Washington recently outraged the feelings of the widow of a lamented Senator from Illinois, by announcing her betrothal to an eminent Cabinet Minister. It was even asserted that the bans had been published in a Catholic church, when in truth the parties so rudely affianced had not met within the seven years preceding the appearance of this *canard*. From the census report of 1860, we learn that 2,166 pounds of silk cocoons were produced in Ohio that year. Michigan comes next, that State being credited with 1,043 pounds.

The Albany Journal says that "General Burnside's object was to feel the enemy." The Louisville Journal thinks he felt him.

Died at Their Posts.

WE print in another column a letter from the unfortunate Commander Wainwright, written before the recent attack on his ship near Galveston. In this he gives some account of the difficulties with which our vessels occupying Galveston bay had to contend. It seems that the rebels held a point on the mainland, and the bridge which connected it with Galveston. They were able to visit the city at all times, while the shallowness of the water prevented our ships from getting within gunshot of them. The rebels had the land to themselves.

But worse than this: it appears that our ships were stationed in a kind of narrow canal, where they could not move, except with the greatest difficulty, and could not turn round at all. "You have to be pointed far before you can go either way," wrote Commander Wainwright; adding, "if they come at us with their light-draught boats, which are able to go anywhere in the bay, you can see what an advantage they have over us."

Such a position as is described is worse than untenable, because it is neither to be defended nor evacuated, in the face of a superior and sufficiently active enemy. It would seem to be only a trap in which our brave fellows were placed. A correspondent, "G. W. B.," complains of the comments of the Evening Post and other city journals on the action, some days since. For ourselves, we spoke very briefly, and repeated only the facts as at that time reported. The letter of Commander Wainwright shows that he and his fellow officers had extraordinary difficulties to contend with, and a letter printed in the Boston Transcript of last evening, and which we reprint in another column, relates that the officers and men made a most desperate and gallant defence, Commodore Renshaw blowing himself up with his ship, which was engaged, rather than surrender to the enemy, while Commander Wainwright fell at his post. "G. W. B." remarks that "Captain Wainwright fought his vessel (the Harriet Lane) until he was killed, and only seventeen left of the one hundred and thirty of his officers and crew, before the Harriet Lane was taken—a loss greater than that of O. H. Perry at the battle of Lake Erie, and showing the determination with which the Harriet Lane was fought. The fact that Commodore Renshaw saved most of his crew, and the manner in which Captain Wainwright fought his ship, showed that they were not surprised, but prepared for the enemy. They were outnumbered."

In fact, the rebels had every advantage. Their spies could give them full information; their acquaintance with the bay enabled them to select the best time of wind and tide; and their preparations were made at leisure and in secrecy. Our men fought gallantly and suffered a loss which attests their bravery. Our two chief officers fell at the post of duty, and thus sustained the honorable fame they had before acquired in the navy.

But who stationed so many ships in a position so fatally exposed? Whose fault is it that troops were not sooner sent to their relief? Such affairs as that at Galveston are scarcely accidental, and the deaths of so many brave fellows can hardly be called "a visitation of God." It is plain now, from Commander Wainwright's letter, that the ships were placed as sentinels where they were attacked, and their commanders could not use their seaman's discretion and put off into deeper and broader waters. They stuck to their posts like noble fellows. But if the land forces needed had only arrived in time they would have been saved.—*New York Post*.

COOL.—A gentleman from the country stopping at one of the hotels in Cincinnati, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fare, &c. After a few minutes conversation, the boarder drew his cigar case, saying: "Will you take a cigar, sir?" "Wall, I don't mind if I do," was the reply. The cigar was passed to him, also the one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the first cigar in his mouth, and took his pipe and lit it, and then the second one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking, saying: "It ain't often that a man from the country runs afoul of as clever a fellow as the city as you are."

ONE of the best things which the Ohio State Board of Agriculture did at its late meeting, was to recommend to the different counties and townships in the State, the establishment of farmer's classes, whereby an interchange of opinions can be had by experienced agriculturists on the different and best modes of cultivating and managing stock, and all other matters connected with agriculture.

Where Are We Drifting?

MR. WOOD is doubtless the author of an article reprinted in another column entitled "Where are We—and Where Drifting?" It is a grave and telling review and defense of his own course in opposing the concerted and now apparently successful attempt to convert the war for national unity "into an abolition crusade." This sagacious Republican leader, who almost alone of his party for-saw the struggle and strove to avert it, since the war began has advised the policy by which alone it could be successful. Again he lifts his warning voice against the radicalism which "bodes inevitable destruction to the country." Again he protests against the proscription and intolerant spirit of the abolitionists, who denounce all differing with them as enemies of the country, and again he asks, "Does the experience of a year and a half justify the hope that the rebellion will be crushed and the Union preserved with a united South and a divided North?"

We have few comments to make upon this significant utterance. It is the earnest protest of a patriot, still bound by old ties, still supporting the administration which it invites and embraces the ruin of which it was faithfully forewarned. The World supported the administration persistently until to do so longer seemed to us to be faithlessness to the Union, to the Constitution, to the government. Events have proved that our estimate of the force and drift of the radical current which has swept Mr. Lincoln and the great bulk of his party into the vortex of abolitionism, into all unconstitutional, illegal, and ruinous measures and courses, was only too correct. There is no hope for the country in them nor in all their works. When the power which they have abused and the government which they have prostituted is rescued from their hands by an indignant and outraged people, then, and not till then, will the first gleam and ray of hope dawn upon a distressed and afflicted country. Whether the dawn will brighten into day and peace over an again united country, God only knows.—*New York World*.

That's My Hat.

ABOUT thirty years ago there was a branch of the Political Union in Limerick, Ireland. A library and reading room were connected with it. I think it was Dan O'Connell was to open it officially, and Tom Steele was to present some work he had written to the library. The meeting night came, and the meeting was held in the Theatre on the Mall. Of course there was a full house. The speakers arrived, and they spoke from the stage in front of the green curtain, and when done speaking they sat down, with their legs hanging into the orchestra. O'Connell made his speech and sat down. Tom Steele was called on. Up he started, and on raising he seized a hat that was on the stage. After a while he got warm, and to make his words more forcible, he began striking the crown of the hat with his big fist. The warmer he got the harder and quicker he struck the hat until the people's sympathy was raised to a very high pitch for the poor hat, when suddenly Dan turned his head slowly around, and saw it was his (Dan's) own hat, that the speaker was beating all the time. At once he made a grasp for the hat just at the moment that Tom's fist was coming down with tremendous force. It was resistibly ludicrous to see the figure poor Tom cut at that moment—he seemed electrified. The people's pent up feeling got vent and such a burst of laughter I have never heard since. Nothing that had happened in Limerick for many years was so much talked of for a long time, or caused so much laughter among the people.—*Recollections of O'Connell*.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A PATRIOTIC SOLDIER.—A surgeon in one of the Alexandria military hospitals writes in a private note:

"Our wounded men bear their sufferings nobly; I have hardly heard of a complaint from one of them. A soldier from the 'stern and rock-bound coast' of Maine—a victim of the slaughter at Fredericksburg—lay in this hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had a father, brothers and sisters, a wife and one little boy of two or three years old, on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe, I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and knew he had but a brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones whom he loved so well? 'Tell them,' said he, 'how I died—they know how I lived!'"

Only one dollar a year for the Union.

Where are We—and Where Drifting?

In 1860, when only distant mutterings of rebellion were heard, we were among the few who recognized, in these threats, the certainty of war; and who, in a measure, comprehended both its magnitude and its horrors. It is always an offense, in an individual, to foresee evils, and especially so to attempt to avert, or even to be prepared for them. For an article then written, asking the President, Congress, and our readers, to raise their eyes and thoughts above the horizon of party, and contemplate a crisis which would tax the energies of the people, and test the strength of our government, we incurred the denunciations of many, and the friendly censure, of most of the Republican journals.

Subsequently when rebellion was rampant in the extreme States, a question whether North Carolina and Tennessee should remain in the Union or go out of it, arose. We remember the "Border States Proposition," upon the adoption of which, by Congress, rebellion, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, would have been bounded by the southern lines of Tennessee and North Carolina. With a modification which the Border State representatives offered to accept, we advocated that "compromise." And for this, also, we were severely denounced. In the "Peace Congress," where the Legislature honored us with a seat which we resigned in favor of a distinguished citizen, the "Border States Proposition" was again rejected, and consequently two states, a majority of whose citizens yearned to remain in the Union, were lost. With North Carolina and Tennessee in the Union, Virginia could not have gone out of it. We should, therefore, instead of sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of treasure in North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, have reserved those troops and that treasure to crush out rebellion in the cotton States.

The rebellion—as wanton and wicked as any that stains the pages of history—this embracing more states than necessary—has been nearly two years in progress, with what measure of success and with promise of a termination we can judge, one as well as another. Its lessons teach us that it requires all the strength of a united North to preserve the Union and uphold the government. We had, at the commencement of the war a united North. The culmination of treason, in its attack on Fort Sumter, kindled a blaze of indignant patriotism over the whole North, East and West. All merely partisan feeling was merged in higher and nobler impulses. All good and true men, in imitation of their ancestors at Concord and Lexington, in 1775, rushed to arms, or contributed money. Then we were, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "all Republican—all Federalists," or in other language, "all Republicans—all Democrats." For the first year the war had, with few exceptions, the hearty support of both and all political parties. It was prosecuted earnestly, but with indifferent success—with more heart than head—more zeal than knowledge. We had gallant troops commanded by incapable generals, made so, probably, by newspaper and other interference. At any rate, the ill success of our armies caused popular impatience, of which those ultra anti-slavery views enabled the secession leaders to make the sentiment of the cotton States, availed themselves to impart an abolition character to the war.

The evidence before us—in the river of blood shed and the millions of treasure expended—that the preservation of our Union and government demand the best and united energies and efforts of the whole people, is valueless. What all united have so far failed to accomplish, the abolition chiefs and journals insist upon undertaking as a party. They demand that the war shall be prosecuted under their auspices and for their purposes. Men's opinions on the slavery question must be lengthened or shortened, in accordance with Procrustean example.

These impracticable, one-idea lecturers and journalists, sided by the unfortunate "On to Richmond" military disasters, have already withdrawn New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois from the political support of the administration. Too many of the Democratic leaders in these States—especially in Ohio and Indiana—are of the Vallandigham school. This false, disloyal man, with shame be it confessed, found sympathizing friends to welcome and least him at a secession hotel in the City of New York! Still the masses of the Democracy, and most of their prominent men, are truly devoted to the Union, and remain willing to contribute their money and peril their lives to sustain the government. But in this there is no merit, unless they adopt the anti-slavery platform and accept the dogmas of the New York Tribune.

Will those of our old Whig friends, now so impatient with, and differing so widely from us, turn their minds a few years backwards what they then thought of abolition; and what its course and action was? Was it not narrow, perverse and mischievous? Did it not exert a vicious and malign political influence? Did it not, for twenty years ago, on elections, state and national, ever pay into the hands of pro-slavery Democrats? While we were laboring for the right, doing all we could for the Union and the country, were we not embarrassed and thwarted by this fictitious, impracticable "Third Party"? Who were its leaders then? Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Gerrit Smith, etc. Did we trust to their judgment, or follow their lead, or vote with them then? Are not the same men, with Mr. Greeley, fully developed, as a disciple, the abolition leaders

now? Have they grown wiser, or is your own intellect dwarfed, or has your common sense collapsed? If the North rejected abolition as a merely political test, will it be accepted when the lives of our sons and brothers, and the preservation of our country are involved? If we refused to follow "one-idea men" when it only cost us votes, shall we commit all that is sacred and precious to their leadership?

We ask these questions now in view of the concerted efforts to narrow this mighty struggle for national existence down to an abolition crusade. We ask them in the hope of arresting a popular delusion which is drawing tens of thousands of patriotic, devoted men into a vortex which bodes inevitable ruin and destruction to themselves and their country. We ask them, at this moment, in view of the studied attempt to classify all who do not work up to their standard, as enemies. And finally, we ask earnestly, whether the experience of the first year and a half war, with all parties heartily engaged in it, justifies the hope that the rebellion can be crushed and the Union preserved with a united South and a divided North?—*Albany Evening Journal*, Jan. 21.

A Clergyman's Joke.

I was spending the night in a hotel at Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two ladies meet and each other in the streets the conversation turned on kissing, just about the time the train was approaching. "Come," said he, taking up his carpet bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge." The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I possibly could be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed, somewhat, as I saw his black eye fairly sparkle with daring. "Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw, the first glance, one of the loveliest women my eye ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened, and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger to her, never dreaming that he dare to carry out his pledge, and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her, with a relish that made "my mouth water" from end to end. I expected of course a shriek of terror, and then a row generally and a knock-down, but astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

Quick as a flash he turned to me and said, "Now sir, it is your turn!" pointing to a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman who sat in the seat behind. "Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. "I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing." "Wall," said he, "since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off." And we both burst into a general peal of laughter as he said, "This is my wife! I have been waiting here for her. I knew that was a safe proposition." He told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it. Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago, I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural, and more eloquent preacher it is hard to find. He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines in the West.—*Harper's Monthly*.

Democratic Candidates for Governor.

WE notice that the Democratic press in various parts of the State, are already presenting the names of several prominent Democrats as suitable candidates for the next Governor of Ohio. We are pleased to see the matter canvassed, and in a spirit of kindness and unity. It is no time for any division among true national men, but for united, harmonious and patriotic action. We could most cheerfully devote our best energies for the election of any one of the candidates named. All whom we have heard mentioned are most able and sound men, infinitely superior to the present incumbent. There are some considerations that would have great weight with us. It is known to the Democracy of the State that at the last gubernatorial canvass, the Hon. H. J. Jewett was almost forced on the Democratic ticket, to lead the forlorn hope at a time when fanaticism, under the pretence of saving the Union, swept everything before it. Yet Jewett, in the darkest hour that ever brooded over the Democracy of the State or nation, stood up like a young Hercules and vindicated the Democracy from the foul slanders of a thousand serpent tongues. Therefore in our judgment the man who would

stand up and vindicate the Democracy with the capacity and power that Mr. Jewett did, in the hour of darkness, when there was no hope, ought to receive their approbation at a time when there is hope if not certainty of an election. It has been for many years the usage of the Democratic party to nominate candidates for Governor the second time if they would accept of it, and our time-honored customs would point to Jewett. We would not detract in the least from any candidate, but we must say that for purity of purpose, for capacity to execute, and for patriotic devotion to the principles of the Democratic party, and the country, he is the equal of any man in the State. The times demand a man of superior business capacities for the next Governor of Ohio. Without one of the highest order, the State will lose immensely, and the people will have to make it up by taxation. We want a man who will stop all plunderers of the treasury, and who will vindicate and defend the rights of the citizens of the State, and see to it that the Constitution is not abrogated in Ohio, and the inalienable rights of her citizens trampled under foot by the usurpations of despotism. For these great purposes, we look to Jewett as a man whose promptness and energy would meet the times.—*Circleville Watchman*.

Tax dispatches announce that there will be some astounding changes at Washington, within the next twenty days. Let us guess at what they will probably be:

The President, overpowered by mental anxieties, will retire to the shades of a lunatic asylum.

Halleck will be sent to Corinth, to dig a last ditch.

Stanton will call all the troops in the field to protect his house.

Chase will paint his back green, and try to pass, as a legal tender, out of the Administration.

Seward will have the alternative to read his 800 pages of correspondence and the President's message, or retire.

The Attorney General will try to get naturalization papers by painting himself black; because, according to his opinion, blacks are citizens of the United States.

Hannin will be arrested as a fugitive slave.

The Secretary of the Navy will have learned of the loss of the Monitor.

The foreign powers will make it an ultimatum that we shall recognize the South—as a part of the Union.

All the slaves emancipated by military authority in the South will be re-enslaved by Jeff. Davis.

The telegraph will announce that most astounding developments will be made within the next twenty days.—*Louisville Democrat*.

Unalloyed Patriotism.

A CASE of unselfish and persevering patriotism has come to our notice that we think deserving of public record. Mr. Harvey G. Smith, of Boston, who for the last eleven years has been engaged in mining business at Downsville, Sierra county, California, in November last arranged his business so that it would be left in the care of an agent, in order that he might enter upon the service of his country and contribute his mite toward putting down the rebellion. Having been for many years a sailor, he proposed to enter the naval service, and repairing to Washington he made application for an appointment as sailing master or master's mate, but notwithstanding his application was endorsed by the Congressmen from California, it was unsuccessful. Mr. Smith then applied to Governor Andrew for a commission of some sort, but got none. Determined to serve his country in some capacity, he yesterday enlisted as a private in the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts regiment, Colonel Pierce. A man who will relinquish his business and travel three or four thousand miles at his own expense for the purpose of fighting the enemies of his country is certainly entitled to honorable mention, if not to a commission. Such devoted patriotism is remarkable, even in these days, when bright examples of self-sacrifice are numerous.—*Boston Journal*.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament. Adversity is the blessing of the New, which enricheth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you will hear as many hearse-like airs and carols, and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and disquiet; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover virtue, and adversity doth best discover virtue.

THE Providence Press says that the proposition to amend the internal tax law so as to include babies under the head of 'manufactures' does not seem to meet with favor. The proposer is a bachelor.